

The Evening World

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"THE AMERICAN SPIRIT."

And while reproach around him rings
He turns a keen, untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things.

What finer confirmation of Kipling's tribute to the American spirit could there be than that which the world is now witnessing?

Hardly is the news of San Francisco's devastation off the wires before the nation's organized forces of relief are everywhere set in motion.

From Washington the long arm of Federal protection reaches instantly out over the smitten city. Soldiers fill the devastated streets, fighting the advance of the flames and opposing a stubborn enemy from a new firing line, blowing up buildings to stay his course, battering down with cannon the marble palaces of the rich. Where in history is there such another spectacle as the cannonading of Nob Hill? Before their bayonets the elements of disorder, momentarily released, slink back. The looter dies in his tracks and the city becomes as orderly under conditions of anarchy as under normal police control.

From a dozen military depots long trains of supplies start out. A hundred thousand tents are on their way, a million army rations. The Pacific Squadron, together with a fleet of revenue cutters, lighthouse tenders and other Government craft, shapes its course toward the Golden Gate. Sister cities nearby send food for urgent needs. Hospital corps from army posts hurry to the succor of the injured. The Red Cross puts its noble machinery of relief in operation.

Meantime the stricken city, undisturbed, turns to the work of reconstruction. Plans for rebuilding are drawn before the blazing embers die out. The insurance companies in the face of an unprecedented loss waive technicalities which add millions to their liabilities. The telegraph companies from a pine shanty put up overnight keep the world in touch with the homeless populace, while Chicago despatches a trainload of material to them. The bakers relight their ovens. The city authorities lend their endeavors to provide a temporary water supply. Hurry orders go out to Oregon sawmills for lumber. Word comes across the continent to carry out as soon as feasible the plans for a \$5,000,000 smelting plant.

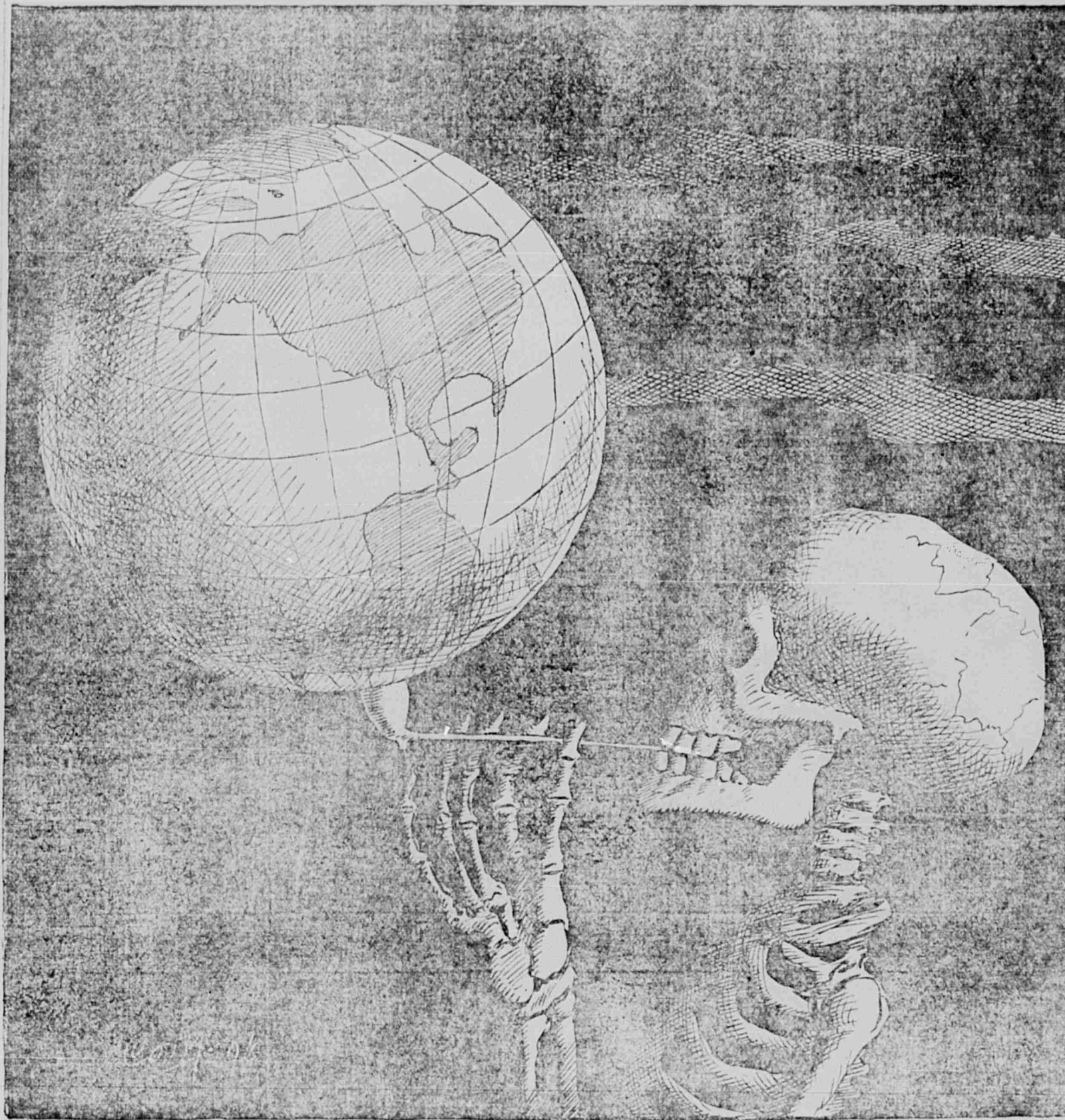
All are as of one family in affliction, knowing no distinction of class. The rich open their homes to Chinese refugees, and the hungry share their scant rations with the less fortunate.

And all the while, from every corner of the land, come messages of sympathy and the proffer of aid. Congress gives a million. Governors and mayors issue proclamations for assistance. A thousand cities and towns open their purses. New York raising nearly \$1,000,000 in a day by private subscription. The amount of monetary help which will eventually be put at San Francisco's disposal will probably exceed all previous contributions of the kind.

Such is the testimony of the facts to the truth of the poet's estimate of the American spirit. Where could a more inspiring example of it be seen than in this spontaneous response to a city in distress, unless it be in the courageous endurance by that city of its crushing affliction.

Security.

By J. Campbell Cory.

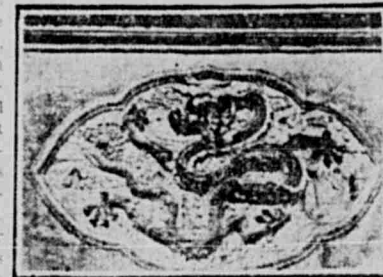
A GROUP OF ODDITIES
IN PICTURE AND STORY.

IN Paris the fire-alarm system is rather unusual, as shown by the accompanying picture of a French "fire box." These little boxes are found on many corners of Paris. They are completely closed, but on one side is a glass door and an inscription which says to give the alarm the glass must be broken. A bell rings and the person who gives the alarm talks in a mouthpiece and tells the location of the fire until he hears a roaring sound in the box, which indicates that the communication has been heard.

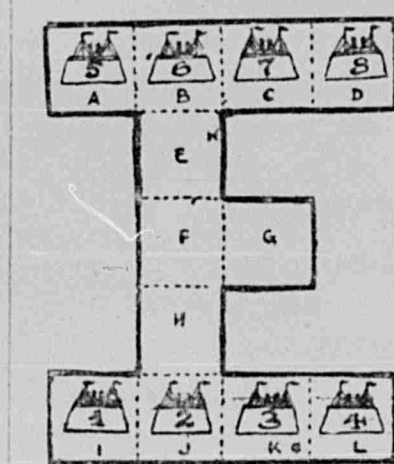


William Deibel, of Danbury, Conn., has a cat which has been nursing a family of five little gray squirrels. Her five kittens were recently taken away and drowned. Mr. Deibel's son found an orphaned family of little gray squirrels in a hollow tree in the woods. He brought the squirrels home and they were given to the old cat for adoption. She looked with wonderment on the strange manners of her new family, but she guards the little fellows jealously, and there is already a real affection between the orphans and their foster-mother.

There is a charm against evil spirits. The tablet is one which decorates and, in accordance with Chinese belief, protects the imperial Manchou tombs at Mukden. Its imperial nature is evinced by the presence of five claws. There are altogether six of these dragons protecting the tombs. No photographs of these sacred dragons were obtained by visitors prior to the year 1900.



Ants are the athletes of the insect world, easily carrying ten times their own weight. The edifice they rear by constant labor render the pyramids ridiculous, for the common wood ant will build structures as large as a haystack, all of mere fragments. If others are content with smaller domiciles it is because their needs are satisfied, but all alike dwell beneath their underground galleries and halls with the order and activity of a busy, well-governed city.



The Japanese are building a new dock yard. It is to be in the form of a letter E, as shown in this illustration, in honor of King Edward, the monarch of their allies. Their naval experts, however, says the Chicago Tribune, are considerably perplexed over the thing. For example, suppose the eight men of war numbered 1 to 8 are in the positions shown, how are they to manœuvre in the quickest way so that 1, 2, 3 and 4 shall change places with 5, 6, 7 and 8; that is, with the numbers still running from left to right as at present, but the top row exchanged with the bottom? Make a large diagram on a sheet of paper and use eight numbered counters. What are the fewest possible moves? One ship moves at a time, and any distance counts as a move. To prevent misunderstanding, the stopping places are marked in squares, and only one ship can be in a square at the same time.

A baby rhinoceros is being shown at all the social functions at Nairobi, British East Africa. At a children's party the other day the quaint pet played till he was tired, drank the milk of three cows and then went to sleep.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Felix Deibel, who tells the story, is a page to Count Edmond de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The story is set in the year 1200, when the Duke of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the English, under the Duke of Burgundy. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has lately come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make St. Quentin see that the Duke of Navarre is the rightful claimant. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make St. Quentin see that the Duke of Navarre is the rightful claimant. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make St. Quentin see that the Duke of Navarre is the rightful claimant.

CHAPTER XVI.
Mayenne's Ward.
(Continued.)

"MONSIEUR, I shall never cease to love you for this. And now I thank you for your long patience and bid you good night." With a bare inclination of the head to Lucas he turned to go. But Mayenne bade her pause. "Do I get but a courtesy for my courtesy? No warmer thanks, Lorraine?" He held out his arms to her and she let him kiss both her cheeks.

"I will conduct you to the staircase, mademoiselle," he said, and taking her hand with steady politeness led her from the room. The light gleamed to go from it with the gleam of her yellow gown.

"Lorraine!" Lucas cried to her, but she never turned her head. He stood glowering, grinding his teeth together, his glib tongue finding for once no way to better his sorry case. He was the picture of trickery rewarded; I could not repress a grin at him. Marking which he burst out at me vehemently, yet in a low tone, for Mayenne had not closed the door:

"You think I am bested, do you, you devil's brat? Let him laugh that wins; I shall have her yet."

"I will tell M. le Comte so," I answered with all the impudence I could muster.

"By heaven, you will tell him nothing," he cried. "You will never see daylight again."

"I have Mayenne's word," I began, but his retort was to draw dagger. I deemed it time to stop nattering, and I did what the best of soldiers must do sometimes: I ran. I bounded into the oratory, flinging the door to after me. He was upon it before I could get it shut, and the heavy oak was swung this way and that between us till it seemed as if we must tear it off the hinges. I contrived not to let him push it open wide enough to enter; meantime, as I was unarmed, I thought it no chance to shrink for succor. I heard an answering cry and hurrying footsteps. Then Lucas took a weight from the door so suddenly that mine began to shut. The next minute it flew open again, mademoiselle, frightened and panting, on the threshold.

A tall soldier with a musket stood at her back, at one side Lucas loomed by the cabinet where the duke had set down the light. His right hand he held behind his back, while with his left he poked his dagger into the candle flame.

Mayenne, red and puffing, hurried into the room. "What is the matter?" he demanded. "What devilment now, Paul?"

"Mademoiselle's protegee is nervous," Lucas answered with a fine sneer. "When I drew out my knife to get the thief from the candle he screamed to wake the dead and took sanctuary in the oratory."

I had given him the lie then and there, but as I emerged from the darkness Mayenne commanded: "Take him out to the street, d'Auvray."

The tall musketeer, saluting, motioned me to precede him. For a moment I hesitated, hating to defend my valor before mademoiselle. Then, reflecting how much harm my hasty tongue had previously done me, and that the path to freedom was now open before me, I said nothing. Nor had I need. For as I turned she flashed over to Lucas and said straight in his face:

"When you marry me, Paul de Lorraine, you will marry a dead wife."

CHAPTER XVII.
"I'll Win My Lady!"

LUCAS'S prophecy came to grief within five minutes of the making. For you the musketeer unbared the horn door for me the first thing I saw was the morning sun. My spirits danced at sight of him, as he himself might dance on Easter day. Within the close, candle-lit room I had had no thought but that it was still black midnight; and now at one step I passed from the gloomy house into the heartening sunshine of a new clean day. I ran along as joyously as if I had left the last of my troubles behind me, forgetting in some dark corner of the Hotel de Lorraine. Always my heart lifts when, after hours within walls, I find myself in the open again. I am afraid in houses, but out of doors I have no fear of harm from any man or any thing.

Though Sir Sun was risen this half hour, and at home we should all have been about our business, these lazy Paris folk were still snoring. They liked well to turn night into day and lie long abed of a morning. Although here a shopkeeper took down shutters, and there a brisk servant lass swept the doorstep, yet I walked through a sleeping city, quiet as our St. Quentin would save that here my footsteps echoed into the emptiness. At length with the knock I have, whatever my stupidity of finding my way in a strange place, I arrived before the courtyard of the Trois Lanternes. The big wooden doors were indeed shut, but when I had pounded lustily awhile a young tapster, half clad and cross as a bear, opened to me. I vouchsafed him scant apology, but, dropping on a heap of hay under a shed in the court, passed straightway into dreamless slumber.

When I awoke my good friend the sun was looking down at me from near his zenith, and my first happy thought was that I was just in time for dinner. Then I discovered that I had been prodded out of my rest by the pluck of a hostler.

"Sorry to disturb monsieur, but the horses must be fed."

"Oh, I am obliged to you," I said, rubbing my eyes. "I must go up to M. le Comte."

"He has been himself to look at you, and gave orders you were not to be disturbed. But that was last week. Darned! you slept like a salot!"

It did not take me long to brush the straw off me, wash my face in the trough and present myself before mademoiselle. He was dressed and sitting at table in his bedchamber, while a drawer served him with dinner.

"You are out of bed, monsieur?" I cried.

"But yes," he answered, wincing under "I am as well as ever I was. Felix, what has happened to you?"

I glanced at the serving man: M. Etienne ordered him at once from the room.

"Now tell me quickly," he cried as I faltered, tongue-tied from very richness of matter. "Mademoiselle?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed. "Mademoiselle is— I paused in a dearth of words worthy of her."

"She is, she is!" he agreed, laughing. "Oh, so,



"Sorry to disturb monsieur, but the horses must be fed."

on, you little slow poke! You saw her? And she said—"

"He was near to laying hands on me to hurry my tale."

"I saw her— Mayenne and Lucas and ever so many things," I told him. "And they had me flung and mademoiselle loves you."

"She does!" he cried, frowning. "Felix, does she? You cannot know."

"But I do know it," I answered, not very lucidly. "You see, she wouldn't have wept so much just over me."

"Did she weep?" Lorraine asked.

"They forced me," I said. "They didn't hurt me much. But she came down in the night with a candle and stood over me."

"And then?" I went on, not heeding his questions in sudden remembrance of my crowning news, "Mayenne and Lucas came in. And here is something you do not know, monsieur. Lucas is Paul de Lorraine, Henri de Guise's son."

mouthful he took. At every word I spoke he got deeper into the interest of my tale. I never talked so much in my life, me, as I did those few days. I was always relating a history to monsieur, to mademoiselle, to M. Etienne, to—well, you shall know.

"I had finished at length, and he burst out at me: 'You little scamp, you have all the luck! I never saw such a boy! Well do they call you Felix?'

Murder, here I leaped in bed like a baby while you go forth knight erranting. I must be here with old Galen for all company, while you bandy words with the Generalissimo himself! And make races at Lucas and kiss the hands of mademoiselle! But I'll stand it no longer. I'm done with lying and letting you have all the fun. No; to-day I shall take part myself."

"But monsieur's arm—"

"Tshaw, it is well," he cried. "It is a scratch—it is nothing. Pardon, it takes more than that to put a St. Quentin out of the reckoning. To-day is no time for sloth, I must act."

"Monsieur," I began, but he broke in on me: "Nom de dieu, Felix, are we to sit idle while mademoiselle is carried off by that beast Lucas?"

"Of course not," I said. "I was only trying to ask what monsieur meant to do."

"To take the moon in my teeth," he cried.

"Yes, monsieur, but how?"

"Ah, if I knew!"

He stared at me as if he would read the answer in my face, but he found it as blank as the wall. He flung away and made a turn down the room and came back to seize me by the arm.

"How are we to do it, Felix?" he demanded.

But I could only shrug my shoulders and answer:

"Sais pas."

He paced the floor once more and presently faced me again with the declaration:

"Lucas shall have her only over my dead body."

"He will only have her own dead body," I said.

He turned away abruptly and stood at the window, looking out with unseeing eyes. "Lorraine—Lorraine," he murmured to himself. I think he did not know he spoke aloud.

"If I could get word to her"—he went on presently. "But I can't send you again. Should I write a letter— But letters are mischievous. They fall into the wrong hands, and then where are we?"

"Monsieur," I suggested, "if I could get a letter into the hands of Pierre, that lackey who befriended me— But he shook his head.

"They know you about the place. It were safer to despatch one of these inn men—if any had the sense to go in hand. Hang me if I don't think I'll go myself."

ap, like all the rest of us, of good and bad."

"Monsieur," I said, "if there is any bad in the St. Quentin, I, for one, do not know it."

"Ah, Felix," he cried, "you may believe that till doomsday—you will—of monsieur."

His face clouded a little and he fell silent. I knew that besides his thoughts of his lady came other thoughts of his father. He sat gravely silent. But of last night's bitter distress he showed no trace. Last night he had not been able to take his eyes from the miserable past, but to-day he saw the future. A future not altogether flowery, perhaps, but one which, however it turned out, should not repeat the old mistakes and shame.

"Felix," he said at length, "I see nothing for it but to eat my pride."

I kept still in the happy hope that I should hear just what I longed to; he went on:

"I swore then that I would never darken his doors again. I was mad with anger; so was he. He said if I was with Gervais I went forever."

"Monsieur, if you repeat your hot words so does he."

"I must even give him the chance. If he do repent them it were churlish to deny him the opportunity to tell him so. If he still maintain them it were cowardly to shrink from hearing it. No, whatever monsieur replies I must go tell him I repent."

I came forward to kiss his hand, I was so pleased.

"Oh, you look very smiling over it," he cried. "Think you I like sneaking back home again like a whipped hound to his kennel?"

"But," I protested, indignant, "monsieur is not a whipped hound."

"Well, a prodigal son, as Lucas named me yesterday. It is the same thing."

"I have heard M. l'Abbe read the story of the prodigal son," I said. "And he was a varlet, if you like—no more monsieur's sort than Lucas himself. But it says that when his father drew him coming a long way off he ran out to meet him and fell on his neck."

M. Etienne looked not altogether convinced.

"Well, however, it turns out it must be gone through with. It is only decent to go to monsieur. But even at that I think I should not go if it were not for mademoiselle."

"You will beg his aid, monsieur?"

"I will beg his aid at least. For how you and I are to carry off mademoiselle under Mayenne's hand—well, I confess for the nonce that beats me."

"We must do it, monsieur," I cried.

"Aye, and we will! Come, Felix, you may put your knife in my dish. We must eat and be of the meats have got cold and the wine warm, but never mind."

I did not mind, but was indeed thankful to get any dinner at all. Once resolved on the move I was in a fever to be off. It was not long before we were in the streets bound for the Hotel St. Quentin. He said no more of monsieur as we walked, but plied me with questions about Mlle de Monluc—not only as to every word she said, but as every turn of her head and flicker of her eyelid and he called me a dull owl when I could not answer. But as we entered the Quartier Marais fell silent, more I think than ever his face looked. He had his fair allowance of pride, M. Etienne; he found his own words no palatable meal.

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader." By Katherine C. Thurston. A tale of "The Gambler." Will Low "The Helmet of Navarre" on May 21. The Evening World.